

Christian Secretary.

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"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE—CHURCHES."

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TERMS.

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For the Christian Secretary.

Fruit of Missionary Effort.

From Rev. E. C. Brown and J. C. Bernard, Quincy, Ill., June 22, 1844.

Rev. B. M. Hill, Cor. Sec.—DEAR BROTHER.

As a committee of the First Baptist church in this city, it becomes our duty, which we gladly perform, to inform you that God has blessed us since the period of our connexion with the Home Mission Society as a recipient of its charities. He has added to our numbers, our gifts, and we trust, our graces, until we are comparatively strong; and in gratitude to him, in duty to ourselves and the Society which has so efficiently sustained us, we henceforth propose and expect to support our pastor without missionary aid.

In taking leave of the Society we wish to express our gratitude to God and our kind Christian friends for the liberal aid we have received. How the church could have existed and shed its cheering light over this young and interesting city, under all the discouragements of our case, without the fostering care of the Society, we cannot see. That your efforts for other feeble churches in this great valley may be continually and abundantly prospered shall be our constant prayer.

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Real eloquence is not a distinct substance. It is the truth rightly communicated. It is the truth not intercepted by a dead intonation, by a forced gesture, by an awkward attitude, by affectation of grace and politeness. A poor delivery is that which comes between the sermon and the audience, and obscures its own stiffness, its own tameness and lifelessness, its own mannerisms upon the notice of the hearer. If we were Romanists we might neglect the gift of speech, and hope to allure men into the sanctuary by the gorgeousness of our ceremonial. But we have no pompous ceremonial on which to rely, and therefore must resort to an appropriate eloquence, as the highest outward grace of a Protestant service. If we dwell in a land where the preacher is the only man who ventures to address an assembly, then we might lean on this privilege, and rest assured that a faulty eloquence in the pulpit is better than nothing at all among the people. But we dwell in a land where the laymen are popular orators; where the mechanist is master of a raucous, vigorous diction; where the reformed inebriate can electrify an audience, who will sleep under a lifeless sermon; where the enemies of religion and social order have caught the spirit and the fire which the ministry have lost. Other men can speak without reading; and unless we can use in a good cause, the weapons which infidels lose in a bad one, we shall surrender the truth to dangers which can arise nowhere but in a republic. Nowhere but in this republic is the force of popular eloquence felt universally; and the church will be overborne, if this force be not controlled with unfeigned skill.—*Prof. Park's Sermon.*

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FLORIDA.
From Rev. J. Tucker, Newnanville, June 17, '44.
LOSS BY FIRE.

I have just returned to this place from a long tour on my extensive field, and find that during my absence, my house with every article of household furniture, clothes, books, papers and every thing else which I left in it was consumed by fire. My friends and brethren in the neighborhood have been very kind in aiding me to commence housekeeping again, and, through mercy, I have not been prevented from meeting any of my appointments. My arrangements for preaching will remain undisturbed.

THE LABORS OF A PIONEER.

While absent from home on my recent tour, I rode about 300 miles, visited more than 50 families, and preached as I went. The stations for preaching are distant from each other, and I frequently have to ride 30 or 40 miles from one to the other, which, in this new territory, is tedious work. But I succeeded in finding and collecting together in different neighborhoods, eighty-one communicants of our denomination, and have baptized two persons. I have not yet thought it expedient to organize churches, but have formed the brethren into six bands, which I shall visit as often as my other duties will allow, and when we obtain more ministerial aid, (which I have promise of from some two or three brethren) we shall hope to lay the foundation of some good churches."

THE WORD JOYFULLY RECEIVED.

The people receive me joyfully, and manifest great friendship and gratitude. Many of them come to the night meetings, a distance of five and six miles, on foot; and so desirous are they to enjoy the public worship of God, that they have promised to build 8 or 10 meeting-houses in as many different settlements as soon as they have gathered their crops. O that the Lord would accompany all this effort with his blessing, and revive his work among them."

HARD TIMES.

But really my heart is pained to witness the trials of the people who have lately moved into the territory, owing to the distressing drought. Some on whom I have called, had but little food for themselves, much less for me or my horse. But recent rains revive our hopes.

Dear brother Hill, we are literally a poor and war-worn people. I beg you never to forget it, or to cease praying for us."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents are respectfully informed that owing to the necessary absence of the Secretary for several weeks past, many letters requiring his particular attention, have remained unanswered. Having now returned, they will receive that attention as soon as possible.

BENJAMIN M. HILL, Cor. Sec.

Highest Attraction of the Pulpit.

But among all the outward attractions of divine worship, there is none like that of the preacher's natural eloquence. No instrument of music is as sweet as the human voice, when attuned as it may be by care. The most exhilarating band of performers on the dulcimer and the cymbal will be heard with less pleasure, than he who has learned to play well on that instrument which is as far superior to all others as a work of God is superior to the works of man. Let it then no longer be said, that while an organist will spend years in learning to manage a collection of leaden pipes, the preacher is unwilling to exert himself for acquiring a control over the stops and keys of what is far more religious in its tones than the organ. So likewise the human eye can

be made eloquent, when the tongue can say no more; the pain of the hand, too, has an eye which is full of meaning. But the philosophy of these organs is neither understood, nor applied to practice by our preachers. We have inherited from our Catholic ancestors the most irrational dispositions. We barricade the preacher in a pulpit, which often cuts him off from the sympathies of the people, and renders it impossible to illustrate the meaning of 'the hands that hang down, and the feeble knees,' impossible to express vividly the idea of 'standing fast in the faith.' Doctor Payson once came down from the pulpit, and stood face to face before his audience, that he might address them with more effect. I would make no strenuous objection to the simple gown which is sometimes worn in the pulpit, but still it must be regarded as in some respects an unphilosophical contrivance for a sacred orator. It was not originally designed as an aid to eloquence, but as a scholastic attire. The objection to it is, it keeps out of view the natural expressiveness of the human form; and nature, even if it be a little ungainly, still if it be unfettered nature, is more eloquent than any artifice. When the old masters have painted or sculptured a Demosthenes, a Pericles, Cicero or a Paul addressing an assembly, they have given to the orator a free arm, so that what has been called a 'stiff elbow' may be a symbol of one well known emotion; so that what is proverbially called a 'cold shoulder' may express the idea that belongs to it. But the prescriptive influence of our Catholic and semi-Catholic predecessors, who little understood the nature of oratory, has wrapped the reader of a sermon in a garb that conceals the meaning of the gesture, and in the folds of which the eloquence of a man's right arm is, as it were, 'a talisman hidden in a napkin.'

Real eloquence is not a distinct substance. It is the truth rightly communicated. It is the truth not intercepted by a dead intonation, by a forced gesture, by an awkward attitude, by affectation of grace and politeness. A poor delivery is that which comes between the sermon and the audience, and obscures its own stiffness, its own tameness and lifelessness, its own mannerisms upon the notice of the hearer. If we were Romanists we might neglect the gift of speech, and hope to allure men into the sanctuary by the gorgeousness of our ceremonial. But we have no pompous ceremonial on which to rely, and therefore must resort to an appropriate eloquence, as the highest outward grace of a Protestant service. If we dwell in a land where the preacher is the only man who ventures to address an assembly, then we might lean on this privilege, and rest assured that a faulty eloquence in the pulpit is better than nothing at all among the people. But we dwell in a land where the laymen are popular orators; where the mechanist is master of a raucous, vigorous diction; where the reformed inebriate can electrify an audience, who will sleep under a lifeless sermon; where the enemies of religion and social order have caught the spirit and the fire which the ministry have lost. Other men can speak without reading; and unless we can use in a good cause, the weapons which infidels lose in a bad one, we shall surrender the truth to dangers which can arise nowhere but in a republic. Nowhere but in this republic is the force of popular eloquence felt universally; and the church will be overborne, if this force be not controlled with unfeigned skill.—*Prof. Park's Sermon.*

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From the Christian Reflector.

Encourage your Pastor.

None but those who have sustained the responsibilities of the pastor, can fully appreciate the oppressive nature of his duties. It is incessant care that wears upon him—the consciousness of work to be done—difficulties to be settled—jealousies to be cured or removed—claims, reasonable and unreasonable, to be met—and duties irksome as well as arduous, to be performed; it is this ever abiding consciousness—pressing upon him when fatigued and ill, as well as at other times—that gives to the pastor's life its most common characteristics;—often causing him to exclaim, 'O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest.' Few, comparatively, of our worthy and faithful pastors have any worldly commendations, any advantages of wealth or popularity, adapted to give them conscious independence. They are dependent on the kindness of the people, and the daily providence of God; and he must indeed be richly supplied with grace, or possessed of no ordinary amount of native energy, who, with so few external aids, can sustain burdens so onerous, and grapple with difficulties of so stern and trying a character. Farther, while all ministers are but men, there are diversities of gifts, and comparatively few are possessed of commanding talents and personal attractions, which place them on an eminence in the public esteem, and secure them against invidious comparisons and depreciating critics.

These are reasons, to a generous and Christian mind, amply sufficient, for showing to the laborious and faithful pastor special courtesy and attention. If he be wanting in energy, or boldness, or ardor of pious feeling, the deficiency will be remedied much more readily and effectually by encouragement than by complaint.

A pastor is encouraged by slight tokens of regard, not observable by the world, but easily shown, and by him quickly perceived. Kind attention to the small wants and necessities of his family, indicate what to him is often more precious than gold and silver. But there is nothing so much encourages and gratifies a pastor, as a manifest interest in his labors. If his people are punctual in attending the meeting he appoints,—if they listen, with the intent or glistening eye, to all his teachings and exhortations,—if they remind him frequently of the impressive thoughts or useful hints with which his sermons have been enriched,—if they speak of the application of his discourses to their own case, the benefit they have

derived from his instructions,—they animate and strengthen him, as with a new life. The good pastor will be contented with a hard lot, if he can be assured that his labors are appreciated,—that he is not throwing his thoughts, appeals, and best energies of both soul and body, away. Fatigued with the labors of the Sabbath, anxious to know whether he has comforted, edified, or stimulated to activity and faith, any of his hearers, he goes on Sabbath evening to the meeting for conference and prayer. If he hears frequent allusions to the subjects on which he has treated during the day, and earnest petitions at the throne of grace for a blessing to follow his labors, he has much of the assurance he wants. It is a testimony that he has been heard—has given a portion in due season—has honored his calling, and increased his influence as a minister of Christ. Many Christians never think of this. They carry nothing away, when they listen to a good sermon. If they speak, they avoid the most distant allusion to what their pastor has said before them. They thus seem to say—'our pastor's theme was ill-chosen and unfruitful, or he completely exhausted it himself; we have not been interested.'—For our part, we think the themes of the pulpit, and of the pastor's remarks at the opening of the evening meeting (if he chooses to speak) ought ordinarily, to give direction to all the exercises—a subject of remark, at least of allusion; and furnish themes for special prayer. Not only would the pastor be strengthened thus, but the impression he labors to make would be confirmed; the Sabbath would leave permanent benefits—a distinct and lasting influence, on the minds and lives of those who enjoy its privileges.

Our churches demand of their pastors too much display of talents and learning. Hence it is, that they so soon make the condition of the pastor unhappy, and almost oblige him to present his resignation. They should ask of him *Bible truth*, uttered with simplicity and directed to the heart and conscience; and when he gives them this, they should let him know that they are fed—grow by the sincere milk of the word; and want no condiments, nor stimulants, to keep them quiet and docile, or to make them work. No minister has every desirable qualification; and perfection should not be asked or expected. Even Paul, the great apostle, had defects; and it is recorded in honor of the Galatians: 'Ye know how through infirmity of the flesh I preached the gospel unto you at the first, and my temptation (or trial) which was in my flesh, ye despised not or rejected.'

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From Worthington's Sermons.

Classification of our Saviour's Miracles.

A volume of "Sermons, delivered at Salter's Hall, between the years 1800 and 1810, by Rev. Hugh Worthington," was published in London after his death. It was prepared in a singular manner, the sermons being "entirely taken from memory, without the assistance of notes, by a lady who was long a member of his congregation." In the introduction to one of these discourses, a classification of our Lord's miracles is attempted, which, if not the best that could be proposed, may yet be found convenient and useful.—*Script. Interpreter.*

I shall now give the summary of the principle miracles of our Lord, dividing them into six classes for the help of memory.

1. The first class I shall mention are those which relate to human sustenance. These are five in number.

His turning water into wine at the marriage in Cana.

Twice procuring an extraordinary draught of fishes.

Twice feeding many thousands with a few small loaves.

2. The next class relates to his curing diseases. Here we may enumerate:

The nobleman's son.

Peter's wife's mother.

A centurion's servant.

The sick man at the pool of Bethesda.

And the daughter of the Syro-Phoenician woman, whose pathetic expostulation with our Lord has not its equal in the gospel history.

3. The third class I call demoniacal; that is, cures performed on demons.

I am aware that many would place this under the last division, but the circumstance of their having alone given rise to many volumes of inquiry and warm debate, renders them, in my opinion, deserving a distinct classification.

Here you will recollect the man calling himself Legion.

And the two miserable wretches who wandered about without habitation, save in the caverns of death.

4. A fourth class comprises the removal of various infirmities. You will perceive my meaning by the instances I shall select.

We read of a man who was born blind, whom he restored to sight.

Another whose right hand was withered, and by his divine power it was instantly made whole.

One leper whom he healed singly, and often whom he cured together.

Of a woman who, for eighteen years had been subject to an infirmity, which by the energy of his word was instantly removed.

Of a paralytic, the use of whose limbs he restored.

Repeatedly we read of his causing the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear, and the maimed to walk.

5. The fifth class I shall name are those miracles which were performed on inanimate objects.

He cursed the barren fig tree.

When tribute was demanded of him he caused the money to be found in the mouth of a fish.

He walked on the ocean.

And once, when fatigued by the labors of the day, he had sunk to sleep, while the ship into which he had entered was nearly overwhelmed by a violent storm; upon his disciples suddenly awoke him, he, in a moment calmed their fears by restoring the troubled sea to perfect tranquility.

6. The sixth and last class exhibits his power to raise the dead. There are three instances of this power recorded in his history, and they are each perfectly distinct from the other.

The first was performed on Lazarus.

And the third on the widow's son at Nain.

And in this list I have not taken notice of two circumstances, which plainly discover divine power.

The one is, when our Lord entered a place crowded, and compelled all to quit their merchandise and cease to profane his Father's house.

The other, when a band of Roman soldiers, struck with awe at his appearance, went backward and fell on their faces.

The Glory of a Revival.

Take in at a glance the results of revivals, as they respect both worlds. Under their influence see the cause of moral renovation advancing, until this earth everywhere brightens into a field of millennial beauty. Behold also the inhabitants of heaven kindling with rapture in view of these wonderful works of God!

Not only those who have been subjects of revivals, but those who have not, not only the ransomed of the Lord, but the principality and powers in heavenly places, and even Jehovah, who is over all, blessed forever, rejoice, and will eternally rejoice in these triumphs of redeeming grace.

And this joy and glory is not only perpetual, but to be perpetually progressive. Say then, whether such results will not justify the church even now in beginning her song of triumph?

Which of the angels will think she is premature in her praises, if, when she looks abroad and sees what God has wrought for her already in her revivals, she should begin to ascribe blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

But this then the song of the church as she travels on here in the wilderness, while she rejoices in the smile, and leans upon the arm, and looks forth upon the gracious triumphs of her living Head.

Be this her song on the morning of the millennial day. Let the bright jubiles be ushered in by the echoing and reechoing of this hymn of praise all around the arch of heaven. Let the church on that glorious occasion count up, if she can, all the revivals which have contributed to her enlargement, and brought glory to her Redeemer, and say what so well becomes her to take this language upon her lips.

Let this be her song when her enemies have all gone into confusion, and taken up an eternal wailing—when

THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

mitude of the fount has led some to think that baptism was within a few centuries, as the Baptistry states from 1152, confined to adults, and administered by immersion. It may be doubted, however, whether what I have spoken of as the first was ever intended to hold water, since it has basins, small but deep, on pedestals in each corner, and appears to have had originally on each of its sides, as it still has on several, oblong lavers, about three feet by two and a half, which would have made it unfit for the purpose of immersion. I acknowledge, however, that the construction Anabaptists put upon the size of this enclosure for fonts, may derive some confirmation from a neighboring bronze relief of the Baptism in the Jordan, where the Saviour appears to stand up to his neck in water."—DELTA.—Baptist Advocate.

Christian Secretary.

HARTFORD, JULY 19, 1844.

Our Responsibilities.

"Because iniquity abounds, the love of many waxeth cold." Is not this sentiment too lamentably exemplified around us at the present time? It is a season of most unusual religious dearth and coldness. A minister recently from the west informs us, that although he has called upon almost all the churches along his route, and made inquiries, he has not heard of a single revival of religion, nor scarcely anything that looked like it! And so far as our knowledge extends, in all this region, the state of religious interest (with few exceptions) is extremely low. But how iniquity abounds! It would seem as if hell were disgorging some of its darkest and foulest streams over our land. False doctrines, delusions, apostasies, ruinous errors, murders, robberies, adulteries, riots—these are the sounds that fall upon our ears like the roaring surges of a desolating flood sweeping through the country. Surely this is no time for Christians to sleep. "Ye are the light of the world." But if the light itself be darkness, how great is that darkness! "Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?" What in such a case can stay the progress of corruption and ruin?

"When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." This is our only efficient resource. Truly in vain is salvation hoped for from the hills—our only sure hope is to be found in the restraining and renovating power and influence of the Spirit of Jehovah. He lifts up a standard emblazoned with the doctrines of the gospel. The cross is its device—"Holiness to the Lord" is its motto. But when a standard is elevated, and a banner displayed, we inquire for the soldiers. The Lord has set up his ensign—the trumpet is blown in Zion, and we are called to gather to the standard. What, then, is requisite in order consistently and successfully to engage under it?

It requires, first, that the principles it heralds should be thoroughly implanted in our hearts. The standard must be set up in our own souls, enlisting our energies, and bringing our whole selves into sympathy with its principles.—Then there must be a sincere, ardent, paramount attachment to the cause symbolized by this standard. Mere patriotism, or that which is so called—a sort of selfish love of country—is not sufficient. We must have a warm attachment to the cause as such, in all its extent, and in all its excellency—an ardent love of the truth for the truth's sake. And the interests of righteousness must hold the highest place in our affections, or we are not properly enlisted under Jehovah's standard. It requires a higher and more decided tone of personal piety than is witnessed in the mass of the professed soldiers of the cross—"that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world." There must be more of that decision of character with respect to our religion, which we are accustomed to exemplify in other things—for instance, in political matters, as we gather to the standards of our respective parties. Oh how does the zeal and energy of political partisans condemn the lukewarmness of professed Christians! A higher and more decided tone of personal piety is demanded even by the interests of our country. We hear that our country's salvation depends upon this or that course of policy, and this or that system of measures in our national and state councils. No such thing. The salvation of our country depends upon the character and the amount of our piety. And finally, there must be much fervent prayer. It is this which brings us into communication with head quarters, whence all our supplies and all our orders come. By this we send despatches, and receive returns; and the nature of the service requires diligence and earnestness in this duty. "The effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much." It contains the element of omnipotence.

When the band of God's people, feeble though they be in themselves, shall gather to his standard under the influence of such principles as these, we shall see the enemy turned back, and the flood stayed. Where the banner of Jehovah's Spirit is, there will Jehovah himself be; and the issue of the conflict then cannot be doubtful. "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." If ever there was a time that demanded the enlistment of our highest and holiest energies in behalf of the interests of righteousness, that time is now. An immense responsibility rests upon the followers of Jesus Christ. "Awake, awake, put on the strength, O Zion!"

"Stand fast in the faith!"—there are sounds on the breeze, Like the voice of the storm when it howls through the trees, Or the horse notes of warning low moaning afar, Ere the elements meet in the wild crash of war."

An Index of Christianity.

The Christian Index, a Baptist paper (we are compelled to admit) published in the warm latitude of Penfield, Georgia, devotes a column of language, in a recent number, to the Christian Secretary. We have occasion to rejoice that bitter words are not bowie-knives. Had they been so, we should have been laid out, ere this, in true Southern style.

Our offence seems to have been, that we preferred the mainly and Christian course of the Reflector at Boston, to the foamy one of either extreme of the various parties on the slavery question. The Index, who seems to set himself down, as one of these extremes, is deserving the most attentive consideration of the whole Protestant community. Prompt and efficient measures should be adopted to supply the despotistic portions of the West with free schools, where every child, whatever the circumstances of the parent may be, can have the full benefit of them. The great valley of the Mississippi can never become Catholic, unless Protestants suffer it to become so by default. The Protestant population of the United States exceeds that of the Catholic, as twelve to fifteen to one; and we apprehend there is but little danger of this vast difference ever being overcome by immigration. If all Ireland should immigrate to this country in a single year, still the Protestants would be in the ascendant. But if Protestant children are to be educated at Catholic schools, it may, in the

course of time, be otherwise. The instruction of our youth is a subject of vast importance, and the manner in which it is accomplished will tell with tremendous power upon the next generation.

Protestant Monasteries.

Under this head the Protestant Churchman copies into its columns a poetic effusion by the Rev. John Mason Neale, B. A., and accompanies it with some two columns of remarks to show that the restoration of the monastic system in England was the great object, the furtherance of which the author had set himself in right good earnest to accomplish. The effusion is deeply tintured with a love for the times when "full many a *bead house*" was raised in old England, and is strongly averse to the present degenerate state of the church, in which there is

"No gentle *Nas* with her comfort sweet, no *Fever* standing nigh,

With glisty strength and holy love to close the poor man's eye."

The closing stanza breathes a strong desire for the restoration of Roman Catholic ceremonies, prayers for the dead, &c.

"And many an earnest prayer ascends from many a hidden spot;

And England's Church is Catholic, though England's self is not;

England of saints! The hour is nigh—far nigher may it be Than yet I deem, albeit that day I may not live to see—

When all thy empire, all thy arts, and wealth, and power, and fame,

Shall melt away—at thy most need—like wax before the flame;

Then shalt thou find thy truest strength *thy martyrs* *pray-ers above*;

Then shalt thou find thy truest wealth their holy deeds of love;

And thy Church, awaking from her sleep, come glorious forth at length,

And in sight of angels and of men, display her hidden strength:

Again shall long processions sweep through Lincoln's minister pile;

Again shall bannier, cross, and cope, gleam through the incensed aisle;

And the faithful dead shall claim their part in the Church's thoughtful prayer,

And the daily sacrifice to God be duly offered there;

Andierce, and notes, and matins, shall have each their holy lay!

And the Angels at Compline shall sweetly close the day.

England of saints! thy peace will dawn—but not without the fight;

So come the contest when it may—and God defend the right."

The Test.

The cross of Christ is the grand touch-stone—the test for almost all sorts of religious error. It was our lot not long since to fall in company with an individual who was not at all backward in avowing and defending a belief in the doctrine of universal salvation. After a few words of conversation, in which we referred to the prominence which the Scriptures give to the *blood* of Christ, and the *death* of Christ as the ground of a sinner's hope, we put the inquiry, "For what did Christ die?" "Why, to save us," was the reply. "Very good," we rejoined, "but to save us iron what?"

After a moment's hesitation, "From hell, I suppose," was the answer returned. "There is a hell, then, is there?" we inquired. Again, with considerable hesitation and reluctance, it was replied, "Well, I suppose there is."

"For whom, then," we asked, "for whom is hell designed?"—and the flippancy reply was, "I have not read so far as that!" We could only add, "We beg you to read what you find out."

Probably some of the wise ones of the sect referred to, would be ready to tell us that the individual here mentioned was very foolish for giving such a reply to our first question. We are aware that in the answer given, there was a want of skill in the *sciences* of Universalism—a lack of familiarity with its *twistings*. To conform to the standards, we suppose the reply should have been, "Christ died to save us from our sins." But how much better is this? In what sense was Christ's death to save men from their sins? Was it to save them from committing sin? Where are all men who are thus saved? But was it to save them from any of the consequences of their sins? Oh no; for the consequences, we are told, are all to be experienced as we go along, and then we are all to be saved!

The truth is, this system never has furnished, and never can furnish a consistent, satisfactory answer to the question "For what did Christ die?" It is a scheme which cannot stand in the light of the Bible representation of the sufferings and death of Jesus, as a sacrifice—a propitiation. He who preaches after Paul's motto, "knowing nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified," must preach a doctrine at war with Universalism. We understand how all this is evaded by the champions of the serpent; but after all, they can only evade it. The only manner in which they can explain the death of Christ, is in effect to *explain it away*. They will find, sooner or later, however, that the cross of Christ will *explain their system away*.

Catholic Schools.

One of the most powerful engines used in this country by the Roman Catholics for the purpose of making proselytes to their faith, is their schools. In the West, Southwest and many other parts of the country, they have schools in which the children of Protestants are educated. The Rev. H. Norton, in writing from Washington city to the Boston Recorder, says: "Could I give you the names and number of Protestant children who, within a few years in this District, have entered the Romish church, through the channel of Romish schools, it would be a startling and melancholy exhibition." That the Catholics look to their schools as one of their principal instruments in making proselytes, is beyond question, a fact. Here in New England, where every village has its schoolhouse, we have no opportunity for knowing from observation anything respecting the extent of the number of Catholic schools in our land. But at the West and South, particularly in the cities, if the reports are true that reach us, Catholic schools are quite common, and Protestant children are admitted into them on the most accommodating terms. In many places where these schools are established, there are no Protestant schools, and the children of Protestants are sent to a Catholic teacher out of pure necessity. It is hardly to be expected that they should fail to make proselytes of many, perhaps a majority, of the scholars thus placed under their care; neither is it to be expected that they will not avail themselves of every opportunity to instill their principles into the minds of their pupils, that presents itself. The mind of a child is very susceptible of impressions, and religious sentiments implanted there in the days of youth, are seldom eradicated. We are not disposed to find fault with this system of tactics on the part of the Catholics, for they have a perfect right to practise it, and we have mistakene their character if they do not make the most of it. But the subject is one of vast importance, and is deserving the most attentive consideration of the whole Protestant community.

Prompt and efficient measures should be adopted to supply the despotistic portions of the West with free schools, where every child, whatever the circumstances of the parent may be, can have the full benefit of them. The great valley of the Mississippi can never become Catholic, unless Protestants suffer it to become so by default. The Protestant population of the United States exceeds that of the Catholic, as twelve to fifteen to one; and we apprehend there is but little danger of this vast difference ever being overcome by immigration. If all Ireland should immigrate to this country in a single year, still the Protestants would be in the ascendant. But if Protestant children are to be educated at Catholic schools, it may, in the

change of opinion.—We have heard the remark frequently made, "I never change my opinion," or "I adopt such, or such a sentiment in my youth, and maintain it still." The person making such a remark, does it, we suppose, to show his superior judgment. We like fixed principles of action as well as any one else, for they are important in many particulars to a man's success in the world; but we cannot help regarding the man who boasts that he "never changes his opinion" as possessed of either of these two qualities. He must be superhuman, and thereby able to foresee just what kind of opinions are right, and will never need changing; or he must partake of the nature of a certain long-eared animal who is famous for one peculiar trait of character, viz: *stubbornness*.

Spirit of the Slave System.—The Southern Christian Advocate, a Methodist paper, in speaking of the proceedings of the late General Conference, says that a separation between the Northern and Southern portions of their church is inevitable. "Destiny itself," he adds, "is not more so. The North may relent, but no repentance can avail now. Tears of blood cannot wash away the record of the proceeding of the late Conference." The natural inference from the above sentence, would seem to be, that the Armenian editor of the Advocate had become a rigid *proslavery*, and viewed the matter as already settled by an unalterable decree of Providence; but he probably only

meant to say, that such is the determined hostility of the Southern Methodists to all anti-slavery movements, and especially to the doings of the General Conference, that they are unalterably determined, of their own free will, to bring about an event with which the secret purposes of Omnipotence never had anything to do. He speaks his own feelings, however, not those of the great majority of the Methodist church at the South, and he may find in the end that his *self will* is but a very feeble affair after all.

Bishop Morris.—The statement on the outside of our paper asserting that Bishop Morris of the Methodist church, had become a slaveholder by marriage, since the adjournment of the General Conference, is contradicted in the Baltimore Patriot, by "A Methodist," upon unquestionable authority. He says his lady "has no children, no slaves, no innumerable of any sort."

VISIT TO CONNECTICUT.

On Thursday following left Boston, and went to Suffield whom I was happy to find with his family in health. Here I spent the subsequent Lord's day with the first and second churches, and received collections from both, and was enjoying the labors of br. Torbet. I also visited the Literary Institution, in which there is a Home Mission So. \$22. This seminary is finely located, and is prospering under the supervision of Mr. Burnet, but it does not, however, that the action of the churches may hereafter be more liberal in its behalf, and that they may bear it more in their prayers before the great Lord of the harvest; and indeed all our institutions ought to be more earnestly recommended at the mercy-seat. The attention of a number of the students is directed to the gospel ministry.

On Friday left Suffield, in company with Br. Ives, for New Haven, where we met with the State Convention,

Tuesday met the Board of the Convention, and in the evening heard an excellent discourse from Br. Ives, from Cor. v. 14, 15. Wednesday, the Education cause, Domestic and Foreign Missions, were sustained with zealous and warm hearts. Thursday morning prayer meeting, crown-school and Publication Societies were also advocated with much interest, and all the addresses throughout were admirable. This has been the best meeting of the year past, and will, I trust, be equalled in its importance.

On Saturday went to the Central church in this city. Saturday evening the presbytery of the Lord, the Bible Society, and the Stonington Association.

We are glad to find that our friend the Stonington Association, now in hand between us, is of the best meetings I ever attended. God's Spirit was evidently present to bless his people. Harmony and brotherly affection marked all its movements, and truly it might be said to be one of Zion's solemn feasts. The preaching was powerful, and the letters interesting. God has blessed some of them with powerful revelations, especially Jewett City, Voluntown, and Keene, West Florida. In Jewett City, of the number baptized, seven five were Sabbath school children, and the church at West had more than doubled its numbers under the labors of Br. Tripp, our Home Missionary there. I preached a sermon and received a collection on the second day, in all \$5. Here was the field occupied by the venerable Eld. Nathaniel Cole for more than fifty years. He died last January, in the 89th year of his age, and came down to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe. He was the father of the esteemed Eld. Nathaniel Cole, who died in Denon some years since.

New London was the next place visited by me. On Lord's day, June 23, preached for both churches here, and received collections for Home Missions amounting in all to \$237.00. This has been a comfortable day to my soul, was happy to find the churches in union, and that Br. Palmer was laboring successfully with the first, and Br. Cole with the second. The whole amount received is \$237.00. On Tuesday evening took an affectionate farewell of the brethren in this State, rejoicing in the Lord for what he has done and is still doing for the churches, and pray that the blessing which we may continue to increase. On leaving here, went to New York. I arrived in all on this journey \$1610.00. From New York I went to my son's in Hudson. In about an hour after my arrival an alarm of fire was given; I repaired to the scene, and such a conflagration I never witnessed before; there was no stopping the flames until the entire block of buildings was consumed. The consumption of the people was great; and I thought if the burning of part of a city would produce such excitement and terror, what will the wicked do when the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all things therein shall be burnt up? O what a fading enjoyment are all things here below! How soon riches take unto themselves wings and fly away! Let all be wise to lay up treasures in heaven where moth, nor thief, nor the elements can waste and destroy. What a comforting truth it is that the saints have an inheritance that is incorruptible and fade not away, reserved in heaven for them!

From thence went to Clinton Park, and found my aged uncle, Abijah Peck, enjoying good health, for one in his 87th year; his confidence is still unshaken in the Lord, and he still holds the word of life. I spent the Sabbath here, and found the church in union, and Br. F. S. Parke, the pastor, blessed in his labors. From thence I came to Utica.

In view of God's mercy to me in my infirmities, the liberality of the churches, the kindness of brethren, and the interest manifested in behalf of the Home Mission cause, I feel to thank God and take courage.

Yours affectionately,
JOHN PECK.

Principalities and Powers in Heavenly Places.—A 12 mo volume of 298 pages, by Charlotte Elizabeth. The first part of this book is occupied with a consideration of the existence, character, and employment of evil spirits; the second part with that of the holy angels, and Christ, King of Angels. It is enough to say of it, that it is one of Charlotte Elizabeth's productions, and deserves a place with the best of her writings. Published by J. S. Taylor & Co., New York, 1844.

Floral Biography; or Chapters on Flowers. By Charlotte Elizabeth. New York: John S. Taylor & Co., 1844.—The "Flowers" which the writer describes in this volume are real, genuine flowers of piety, drawn from characters in real life. She has exhibited her usual happy facility to interest the reader, by the happy comparisons which she makes between some beautiful flower and the character about whom she is writing.

Genera and Rame; by Professor Gasson.—This is a small volume of 66 pages, in which the identity of the genera as it is portrayed in Prophecy and History, is clearly and forcibly illustrated. Its brevity and simplicity render it a valuable book for Sabbath Schools. Published by J. S. Taylor & Co., 1844.

Faith and Knowledge; by J. H. Merle D'Aubigne, D.—The name of the author is a sufficient guarantee for the excellency of this little work; for he has not only established his credit as an able and exceedingly interesting writer, but he is well able by experience to do ample justice to the subject under consideration in the work before him. J. S. Taylor, New York: 53 pages 18 mo.

The Female Martyrs of the English Reformation—by Charlotte Elizabeth—selected from "English Martyrology" For the use of Sabbath Schools. J. S. Taylor, 1844.—The Introduction to this work occupies upwards of 70 pages, and contains a brief recapitulation of the principal events leading to the English Reformation. In the remaining part of the volume the reader is made acquainted with the sufferings and deaths of the principal *Female Martyrs* of England. It furnishes a birdseye view of the times that "tried men's souls," and women's too, in the gloomy period prior to, and cotemporary with, the Reformation in England.

All the above books may be found at the Sabbath School and Tract Depository of Mr. Charles Hosmer.

From the Biblical Record.

The Christian Record.

In the last number of the Secrets of the 8th June, to which the following Editor are subjoined:

"Every word, sentence and syllable remarks have been published if in accordance with the pledge we made of this discussion, so the innuendos of the above article must pass for us.

THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

From the Biblical Recorder.

The Christian Secretary.

In the last number of the Secretary we find our remarks of the 8th June, to which the following observations by the Editor are subjoined:

"Every word, sentence and syllable of the Recorder's remarks have been published in the Secretary, in strict accordance with the pledge we made at the commencement of this discussion, so the innuendo in the first paragraph of the above article must pass for just what it is worth. Our southern friend has probably learned ere this, that his smothered suspicions in regard to our integrity, are groundless."

We have but a word to say to his closing paragraph. Our friends are all aware, that we merely pledged ourselves to copy any remarks that might appear in the Recorder, calculated to throw light on the slavery or anti-slavery question, as our contemporary prefers to term it. But the course pursued by him has been directly the reverse of what we had reason to anticipate. Instead of giving his strong reasons against the anti-slavery movements at the north, by proving as he should, that they were contrary to the spirit of the gospel, he has been propounding questions to us to answer. To this mode of conducting the controversy, we yielded for a while, in hope that he would shortly comply with our request, and produce his proof in favor of the scripturality of slavery; inasmuch as he had affirmed his belief in the doctrine, and we had taken the opposite view of it. But he appears quite reluctant to come to the point. The question which he seems so anxious to have us answer, whether there were both slaves and slaveholders in the apostolic church? shall be answered, to the best of our ability, in its proper place, which, by the way, is not here. A direct answer to the question, either in the affirmative or negative, we do not, at present feel bound to give. It will naturally come up in the course of the discussion, and of course would be premature, but his remorse will be a sufficient punishment.

NOT PARDONED.—The St. Louis Republican contradicts the story that David M'Daniel and Thomas Townson, two of the murderers of Chavis, have been pardoned by President Tyler. They have been respite merely, till the 27th of June, 1845, during which time they will be confined in the St. Louis jail. John M'Daniel and Joseph Brown, were to have been executed on the 12th of this month, unless further reprieved by the President, previous to that time.

DROWNED.—Two men named Cook, brothers, were drowned in the North River last week, near the Jersey City Ferry. They were in charge of a sloop loaded with manure, which suddenly sinking, bore them down before assistance could arrive.

We see it stated in some of our exchange papers that Ex-Governor King of Rhode Island has been arrested on a charge of embezzling \$50,000 of the funds of the R. L. Agricultural Bank. We know not how true the report may be—but if true, it is neither wise nor just to pre-judge the case, as a portion of the partizan press has done.

COMMITTED.—A negro, named Dan Thomas, was examined before Justice Mann on Monday and Tuesday last, charged with the outrage upon Mrs. Ensign, on the 5th inst. The examination resulted in his commitment, to take his trial for the alleged offense, at the August term of the County Court.

Selected Summary.

WEAT CROPS IN THE VALLEY.—The Staunton (Va.) Spectator of Thursday states that the farmers generally in that County were in the midst of their wheat harvest, and it believes the crops to be quite a good one; at least, it has heard no contrary report.

THE WESTERN FLOOD.—About ten houses passed down the Mississippi, at St. Louis, on the 23d. In one of them a bridge was seen from a steamboat passing near, and the eye of a child, thought to be four or five months old. If we rightly understand the statement, the house was boarded from the steamer, and the child rescued. A letter from the Postmaster of Belleville, Ill., says:

Mr. Arbor, the wealthy Frenchman, who brought out Mr. Chapelle and others, was drowned yesterday, while attempting to save his cattle. They swam against and up the skiff. Henry Hay has just informed me, one of the Peninsouers was drowned while driving out some horses. The horse he rode became entangled and plunged and he was lost.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—The flood is still going down, though at a tedious rate. Last evening it had fallen nearly four feet—not, however, by any means leaving the cross streets free from this incumbrance.—*St. Louis Republican*.

3d inst.

Extract of a letter dated MOBILE, July 4th.—We learn from a highly respectable Planter, who plants on the Red River above the Raft, and whose plantation was inundated in April, and who was obliged to replant, that his prospects are good for a fair crop; but below the Raft, and on the Arkansas and Mississippi rivers, the late inundation has covered 130,000 acres of cotton land, which are from two to eight feet under water, and cannot be replanted this season. The estimated loss of cotton is from 150,000 to 200,000 bales.

THE WHEAT HARVEST.—This has been a busy week with our farmers, who have been actively engaged in taking the ripe and beautiful wheat harvest, which has seldom been more promising in this country. We regret to hear that all the wheat-fields were attacked with a small worm in the head, a few days previous to ripening.—*Goshen (Orange Co.) Clarion*.

FROZEN.—We understand that considerable frost was found on the low-lands, in Goshen last Friday morning; and we presume that the same was true in other "hill towns." It was quite cold on the 4th, as many a gossemer covered neck and arm could testify.—*Northampton Gazette*.

OUR FRIENDS.—The question, whether there were slaves &c., our friends, shall be answered in its proper place. Will our worthy opponent be good enough to inform us what the proper place for this question is? If we have erred in the order of our arguments, as well as in our mode of discussion, our friend will confer a favor by putting us right in relation to both.

A direct answer to the question aforesaid, our friend says, he does not, at present, feel bound to give. To us this looks very much like an admission that he has never attempted to give a direct answer to this question—although, if we remember right, he has professed to answer it three several times, and has been greatly shocked at our dullness, or captiousness, in not being satisfied with the answer given.

At one time, we think, it was thought to have been answered so plainly, that a school boy could not fail to comprehend the answer. And in every instance it was said to have been answered to the extent of the editor's ability.

We are promised a direct answer to the said question, however, sometime. It is to be when the said question shall come up naturally in the course of the discussion—but when it will thus come up, or how it is to come up, or by whom it will be brought up, or for what purpose, will be brought up—are questions which it would probably puzzle even the wits of Endor herself to answer. We will venture to say one thing however—we will bring to the point, if he will inform us how we shall get nearer the point, than by maintaining that there were both slaves and slaveholders in the apostolic churches, he will impart a piece of information which will be highly edifying to us, and equally so, we presume, to most of his readers.

The question, whether there were slaves &c., our friends, shall be answered in its proper place. Will our worthy opponent be good enough to inform us what the proper place for this question is? If we have erred in the order of our arguments, as well as in our mode of discussion, our friend will confer a favor by putting us right in relation to both.

TOO BAD.—A New York carman the other night, tied his horse to an awning post in front of a small rum shop, and played cards all night, leaving the poor animal, harassed and harrassed, standing after a hard day's work. The brute, (the man, we mean,) should be put in the gallows.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—All at once, on Wednesday afternoon last, a well on the premises of Mr. Jacob Stevens, in Lyne, in this county, commenced overflowing, and still continues with undiminished force. It is estimated that the discharge is at least sixty horseheads per minute! The water is cold and very clear. We learn that the well has been dug and used for many years. To enable our readers to judge something of the projectile force of the water, it is said that good sized stones thrown into the well are quickly ejected. The redundancy of water, overflowing the adjoining lands, is doing much damage to the crops in the vicinity.—*Norwalk (Conn.) Expositor*.

OUR FRIENDS.—Yesterday the lodgings of Meggar were searched, and in his trunk was found a shirt, the bosom of which had the appearance of having been grasped in a struggle, also a pair of pantaloons bearing evident marks of having been washed in pants, and smelling of marsh mud. Eighty dollars were found in the trunk. The examination will be continued to-day.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

THE THREE THINGS.—There are three things, it appears, which our friend dislikes. One, he dislikes hard questions—and he dislikes skirmishing. He dislikes nice distinctions—and he dislikes a direct and forcible collision. We regret that we shall not be able to satisfy him on either point.

Our friend is sure that we have split hairs long enough. The hair that we split, we presume, is the dissection which we made between the Christian church and the Roman Empire. This, we suppose, is what our worthy brother calls a little nice distinction. At any rate, if we have made any other, in relation to the question now fairly on hand, we shall esteem it a favor to be told what it is.

There are three things, it appears, which our friend dislikes. One, he dislikes hard questions—and he dislikes skirmishing. He dislikes nice distinctions—and he dislikes a direct and forcible collision. We regret that we have not in our power to please him better.

Our friend says, whenever we shall see fit to give him proof, &c. We think that we have done this already; and unless our friend can find some better mode of refuting our arguments, than by postponing them indefinitely, we suspect that his readers will be very apt to entertain the same opinion.

The present posture of affairs is this: To prove that slaveholding was, and is, tolerated by the New Testament, we advanced the position, that slavery existed in the apostolic churches—and called on a friend of the Secretary to admit or deny the fact. After some three or four evasive replies, he has at length informed us that he does not intend to admit nor deny the position, at present, because such admission or denial would be premature!

As our friend has hereby furnished satisfactory evidence that he does not deny the fact that there were slaves and slaveholders in the primitive churches, we shall henceforth consider the point virtually conceded, and shall proceed with the discussion accordingly.

IN SEASON.—Gov. Steele, of New Hampshire, has selected the 14th day of Nov. next to be Thanksgiving Day in that State.

THE CHURCHES.—The author is a sufficient guaranty for this little work; for he has not only exerted an able and exceedingly interesting pen, but is well able by experience to do ample justice under consideration in the work before the public.

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THE MARTYRS OF THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.—by J. H. Merle D

THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

Poetry.

For the Christian Secretary.

Gethsemane.

BY ANDREW SPRAGUE LOVELL.

'Tis midnight deep on Olive's sacred mount,
And hushed in silence, wearied nature sleeps;
Beyond the murmuring brook from Kedron's fount,
His mournful watch the suffering Saviour keeps.

A voice is heard of agony, and prayer,
Uprising from the cold and dewy ground,
And stealing onward through the sultry air,
Awakes the echoes of the woodlands round.

The garden, O Gethsemane, before,
Though often watched the Man of Sorrows there,
Such vigils never had seen, nor, ever more
Again shall see, nor hear so fervent prayer.

The Son of God beneath the ponderous weight
Of sinful man's rebellious guilt, oppressed,
In anguish overwhelmed, accepts the sinner's fate,
The vengeful sword of justice to arrest.

The bitter cup itself was bitterness!
The painful draught it was essential pain:
O! Father, let it pass! but, then, to blos-

A world with Life, the hope, the wish were vain.

They will be done. It cost a mighty throe.
The fainting sufferer felt the pains of hell.
The spirit shrank, as gushed the purple flow
That, from his temples wildly throbbing, fell.

Then had frail nature, in exhaustion, died,
Had not an angel, speeding through the gloom,
From heaven descended to the Saviour's side,
Imparting strength to meet the coming doom.

But where were they, the loved, the chosen few,
Who should have watched, and cheered that lonely hour?
How truly false! at least, how falsely true;
They slept, resigned to slumber's soothing power!

O God, how like thy chosen sleepers then,
Are we, thy chosen sleepers of to-day;
The bleeding Saviour suffers, calls again,
But, heedless not, we sleep our watch away.

As they forgives had for pity's sake,
So, let our fault in mercy be forgiven;
May we arise, a slumbering world awake,
And from the GARDEN point it up to heaven.

Miscellaneous.

"Cheap Literature."

It is the boast of the present age, that superstition is almost entirely banished from the world, but I am greatly inclined to believe that it has only been displaced by a degree of credulity which well supplies its place, and swallows improbabilities with equal voracity. There seems to be nothing so gross that it cannot now be palmed upon the world by the application of a proper degree of impudent, unblushing puffery.

Among the most striking examples of this public credulity, is the belief, so confidently entertained, that every body is buying cheap books, because we get them for a shilling, or at most for two shillings a number, instead of paying a dollar, or seventy-five cents a volume, as we used to do. I confess I was myself a victim to this delusion, until a day or two since, I wanted to purchase a complete copy of one these cheap productions, the numbers of which had been collected in a single volume, when I found to my great surprise that the eight shilling numbers amounted to a dollar, for a volume printed on such vile paper, and so slovenly got up, that it was not fit to place in a library, or worth preserving. But even had it been better printed, and on better paper, it would have required a new binding, which would have probably cost half a dollar more. Thus this amazingly cheap book, would have cost one and a half dollars in order to place it in a state of preservation; and then the owner would have nothing but a wretched abortion of the art of printing, exhibited on paper every way worthy of the type, and equally offensive and dangerous to the eyesight.

Cheap literature, therefore, means publishing cock and bull stories at a shilling apiece, badly printed, on worse paper, instead of paying seventy-five cents or a dollar, as we used to do for a volume of a classical author, got up in a respectable style both for reading and preservation, and containing as much matter as the eight numbers aforesaid. The great difference is, that for one we pay our dollar at once, for the other by piecemeal; that in the former case we get a book worth taking care of and capable of being preserved in a library; in the latter a miserable pamphlet in a flimsy cover, which when once read is cast aside, or converted into waste paper. It costs us then a shilling, twenty-five, fifty cents, perhaps a dollar, for a single perusal of a work, which in the days of dear literature, could be got from a circulating library for that purpose at six-pence a volume.

On these grounds I maintain that, all things considered, these cheap publications are the dearest that ever were palmed on the credulity of mankind. Setting aside their general character as works calculated to benefit public morals or manners, or disseminating the principles of taste, or the elements of knowledge, the mode in which they are got up, renders them utterly incapable of preservation, even when they are worth preserving; and thus in effect we pay from twice to four times as much for the perusal of a book in these cheap times, as was in dear times paid to the circulating library. If the age of superstition is past, that of credulity, humbug and puffing has certainly taken its place, and we now believe in the spectres of books as implicitly as they once did in the spectres of men. For my part, I have suffered a relapse, and become once more an admirer of clear type and good paper.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Frightening Children.

We agree with the Boston Mercantile Journal, that there are few things more calculated to excite a just indignation, than an attempt on the part of young persons to frighten little children, or each other. In this way impressions are often made on the plastic minds of youth, which remain through life, and cause many an hour of anxiety and perhaps agony. In this way a species of cowardice is produced which cannot be produced

in after years—and the man who would be the first to plant a standard on a hostile fort, or to board an enemy fighting hand to hand, has been known to turn pale with affright at the idea of passing a church alone in a dark night—or even at entering a lonely and lofty garret, in the dark, after the family have retired. Marshal Saxe, one of the bravest men who ever commanded an army on the embattled field, would never retire to rest until he had carefully examined the closets in his chamber, and looked under his bed!

It is sometimes the case, however, that these sudden shocks of fear, when young, administered not unfrequently by the unthinking, for the joke's sake, are attended with more serious consequences. We sometime since saw mention made of a child in Virginia, who was frightened to death. The circumstances which led to this melancholy catastrophe, are not of unusual occurrence. The child was playing with its companions, and was told by them in sport, that a rag man was about to carry him off in his bag. Alarmed with fear, the child ran into the house, when the object of his terror, unfortunately, also coming into the house, he uttered a shriek and instantly expired.

This is not the first or only instance of the fatal consequences of fright upon children, and even upon adults peculiarly susceptible of fear. We have given many cases of this kind in the Journal, and we think the subject needs no further illustration.

Indeed, cases are known where young persons have had their minds entirely overthrown—and been doomed to lives of helpless idiocy, by the unprincipled follies of their acquaintances, who have devised and executed some cruel plan of making sport of their fears. Such conduct has no apology. Those who are guilty of it should be held as accountable as the man who levels a deadly weapon and destroys the life of a fellow creature.

Terror is too often the governing principle in families, and many a young and promising mind has been weakened and depressed by the dread of some threatened danger. And yet the attempt to excite the fears of a child, is not unfrequently resorted to by parents, as a salutary punishment!

Bugbears are created to frighten the young innocents into obedience. Such a course cannot be too severely rebuked. It is unphilosophical, and in the highest degree barbarous in its nature, often entailing wretchedness, in the shape of unnecessary fears, on the being whose courage and determination should be fortified and strengthened, instead of being sapped and destroyed by the unnatural or unthinking parent.—*Asylum Journal.*

From the *Gospel Standard.*

The Lukewarm Age.

A lukewarm spirit, is the prevalent spirit of these times. It has entered all churches, and nearly all pulpits. It conducts the devotions of the family—presides at the social meeting for prayer—officiates at the public altar—and superintends the general affairs of religion and benevolence.

So prevalent is it, and so strong its foothold, that the warmth and ardor, energy and power of the first Christians have become almost wholly unknown. The zealous and ardent qualities of the first church, could not be endured in these days. Their zeal would be regarded as decidedly over-heated and unchastened—theirunction and energy, as real fanaticism. The present church is very prone to ease-seeking and ease-loving; it does not relish the conflict, the toil, the self-sacrifice, the bold enterprise of the apostolic age. It dreads to offend the world—it has a great horror of excitement and change. To be cold it cannot; to be hot it must not; to be lukewarm it must be. This spirit will not offend the world; nor will it hinder the church in its upward ascent to popular favor and influence. It requires no special self-sacrifice—and it never puts its possessor in the unpleasant position of maintaining an unpopular cause or defending an unpardonable truth. It deprecates all religious warmth,—all excitement,—every thing that is calculated to disturb the quiet of the community, or produce change. If it admits that the reforms of the day are good in their objects, it will be sure to give you to understand that they are carried too far, and that the measures are neither judicious nor judiciously employed. It insists that ecclesiastical forms and the creed of the church be scrupulously maintained—that no innovations upon these be allowed or countenanced. Sound preaching—moderate praying—Sabbath meeting-going—little paying—and change-hating, are about the extent of what it demands. Farther it is indifferent—further it makes no proscriptions and imposes no interdicts. One must keep clear of those hated extremes—cold and hot. He must pay deference enough to the externals of religion, to distinguish him from the irreligious world, and show enough of the displeasure to the power of godliness to avoid an identity with that class, so offensive to the world, known as the hot-headed and enthusiastic.

Now this is the worst and most repulsive character that the Bible specifies and condemns. God prefers an openly and decidedly wicked character to this. "I would," says He, "that thou were cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." If an individual is not "hot," or fully, and in heart, committed to him; He desires them to be "cold," to make no pretensions to friendship, but act out openly his enmity. *God wants decision.* So do we; we always, in worldly matters reprobate indecision. Look at that individual in the great struggle for our national independence. He has an American equipage—pretends to be friendly to his country—does some things to aid the cause, but in time of an actual engagement he is gazing about, playing the part of neutrality. All would have said, "I wish he would take one side or the other, and be decided." So God has decided, and so all should decide, in matters of religion.

The Laodiceans, so severely rebuked, had the form of religion—they performed some of its duties—prayed some—attended to the ordinances quite strictly,—but all this were soulless and heartless, without life and power. And it would seem that that church has found its antitype in the church now existing—what was true of them as a local body of professors is fearfully true of the great mass of Christendom. The garb of the Christian is indeed worn, many of the duties enjoined upon the Christian are performed, prayer

more or less regularly is offered in the family and in the closet; and yet, at the same time, and in all such performances, there is such heartlessness, such nauseous lukewarmness as to render the church loathing to God. Reader, are you one of this class? If so, beware of the fate of the Laodiceans!

Our own Garden.

We have a garden, and weeds often grow in it. One of these weeds is *Disobedience*. This makes us rebellious towards God and inattentive to his commands. Another weed is *Bad Temper*. It produces anger, passion, wilfulness, revenge.

Then there is the weed of *Lying*. It begins with small prevarications of the truth; but it grows fast, spreads its roots far and wide under ground, and injures many a fine flower and stately tree. And the weed of *Slander*; this is always associated with another called *Unkindness*, and together they make sad havoc among the fragrant plants of Love, Peace and Good Will.

Who would like to have such weeds as these in his garden? Who would not root them up and plant useful seeds or fragrant flowers in their place? Take then the spade and the pruning-knife and set about it.

This garden is your own immortal mind.—When you feel an angry passion rising or an unhappy thought taking root, go to God for grace to check it at once, before it gets possession of the ground. This is rooting up weeds. The soil will then be in a proper state for the cultivation of the fruits of the Spirit—such as love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness.

In Paradise, before our first parents fell, there were no weeds. Heaven is sometimes compared to a *Garden* where grows the *Tree of Life*, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, and whose boughs are laden with "twelve manner of fruit." Without holiness no man shall see this *Garden of the Lord*.

But who will not strive to become a plant of the Lord's planting, accepted of him and through Christ our only Saviour, planted by the river of life, to flourish for ever in immortal beauty?

"Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these."—*Am. Messenger.*

The Mormon Excitement

As the rise of the Mormons is one of the most extraordinary episodes of the day, so is the death of their Prophet and the dramatic scenes attending it, equally remarkable. According to the most authentic accounts, Joseph Smith has lived a life of vice and imposture, and has concluded in a manner consistent with his character. What will follow this event? Some seem to apprehend

bloody scenes in Illinois, and others think that Mormonism will be destroyed by the death of the Prophet. There may be a few violent deaths, in Illinois, but we doubt whether any large bodies of either side will engage in war.

As to the end of Mormonism, we doubt that also. Sects of this description easily find leaders, a wiser and a more prudent one than Joe Smith, who it is to be remembered, was distrusted by the most intelligent of his followers. His death seems to have been made legally by the guard resisting his forcible attempt to escape, but the popular action against the Mormons will be represented as persecution. The worst part of the Mormon affair we have ever seen, is the atrocious grant by the Illinois Legislature, (as we believe for political purposes,) of special charters to Nauvoo City and the Nauvoo Legion. Under this charter, the people of Nauvoo claimed and exercised a greater municipal jurisdiction than was ever granted to any Corporation. Under this, the Nauvoo Legion was formed, and the plans of the Mormon leaders greatly aided. The true course was and is, to treat the Mormons like any other citizens, to give them neither more nor less. The difficulty in Illinois and Missouri is in singling the Mormons out as a body to be favored or persecuted just according to the political interest or popular prejudices of the day. Treat any other body of people in the same way, and we shall have the same difficulties. The next few days will settle the present differences. If there be a civil war, there must necessarily be terrible outrages. If there be not, the Mormons will probably assume a new shape under a new leader.—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

MUNIFICENCE WORTHY OF RECORD.—We yesterday saw a subscription for the erection of the proposed addition to the Massachusetts General Hospital, amounting to *fifty thousand* dollars, the sum which is estimated to cover the whole expense.

Among the subscribers were six gentlemen at two thousand dollars each. The other subscriptions were in sums of one thousand, five hundred, two hundred, and one hundred each.—Another subscription has been obtained, amounting to *sixty thousand* dollars, for the erection of the new Atheneum; and another still of *thirty thousand* dollars, for the erection of the building for the Female Asylum. This gross sum of *One Hundred and Forty Thousand* dollars has been obtained in this city, within the last three weeks.

It is gratifying to record such instances of the liberality of those whom enterprise and success have enabled to be liberal. It is not always that the rich are willing to make such patriotic use of their wealth. Boston should be proud of such munificence, and we are proud of such fellow citizens.—*Boston Courier.*

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.—A neighbor, who has always managed to keep the most faithful and obliging servants, till death or matrimony has dissolved the connexion, desires us to publish the following:

Captain Sabretash, in his lately published work, "The Art of Conversation," gives the following good advice to ladies: My friends, *never scold servants*, Instruct, reprove, admonish, as may be necessary; give warning, or if need be, turn the worthless out of the house, but never descend to scolding, or to the use of rude or harsh language; for there is, in truth, something very undignified in the practice.

There are, no doubt, plenty of bad servants, but there are more bad masters and mistresses in proportion, and for this very evident reason, that it is the object and interest of servants to please their masters; whereas the latter are independent of the former, and need take no trouble about the matter; and as there is effort on one side and none

on the other, the result will naturally be on the side of those who make at least a fair attempt. Besides, bad masters often make bad servants, when the servants cannot well influence the conduct of the masters.

If people could only see the undignified figure they make when in a touring rage, the chances are that they would contrive to keep their temper rather within bounds. We may excuse anger, and even passion, perhaps, where the name, fame, or character of friends and relatives is assailed; but to fly into fury about broken plates or overdone mutton, is to show the want of mental composition that few would like to have described in its proper name.

Recollect that servants are made of the same clay, that they possess feeling—kind, generous, just feeling too—as well as their superiors; and is it not casting a stain upon ourselves to rail, with ignoble language at those who are made in the same high image of which it is our boast on earth to bear the faintest impress?

Let us hear no more of scolding servants, therefore; if you will scold, scold your husband; and if he is a sensible man, he will pat your cheek, give you a kiss, and laugh at you for your pains. *Cincinnati Atlas.*

What is to become of Mormonism.

In the intervals of excitement and inquiry regarding the Riots at Philadelphia, the question is eagerly asked on all hands, What will become of Mormonism now? Joe Smith is dead—probably butchered in cold blood, while a secure prisoner, and without power, even if he had the will, to offer provocation for violence: but Mormonism has not died with him. Gross and monstrous as are the delusions and perhaps abominations practised in the name of that faith, yet it is a vital, living thing. Men and women, made of the same sort of flesh and blood, and actuated by similar sensations and passions, as Protestants, Catholics, Mahomedans, or whatever creed or worship the sun shines upon, do actually believe in this Mormonism—are content to live and die by it—to yield up worldly wealth, domestic ties, and the strong bonds of love of Native-land, for it; and thus feeling and thus believing, to their dimmed and distorted spiritual vision Joe Smith is as much the Martyr-Hero as any whose shadow has ever fallen upon the world. The blood of Joe Smith, spilled by murderous hands, will be like the fabled dragon's teeth sown broad cast, that every where sprang up armed men.

We would prefer to be mistaken; but we look for farther and bloodier histories from Nauvoo. The conduct of the Mormon chiefs, since the murder of their Prophet, shows plainly enough that there are cool, stern, controlling, powerful minds among them: that they have learned, either from History or their own instincts, the great lesson, to *bide their time*; and that the cathartic enthusiasm which thought to exterminate a City and a Creed, will be wretchedly deceived. It may be—it is indeed very likely—that in a formal declared war the Mormons will at last get the worst of it and be destroyed; but what a series of horrors does not this conclusion presuppose!—*Tribune.*

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